

Girl Walks on Roof Asleep.

Had Climbed a Leader to Top of Her House and Sat on Edge For an Hour While a Crowd Watched Her in Breathless Suspense—Rescued With Difficulty After She Was Awakened.

The experience of a nineteen-year-old girl walking in her sleep, clambering over a building front and over the eaves harrowed the feeling of Georgetown (D. C.) residents in the early hours of the morning. The entire neighborhood was aroused by her screams. Still the girl did not wake. To the soundness of her slumber she owes her life.

Miss Sadie Pettit occupies the house at 3124 F street alone with Miss Mary Thomas, an elderly woman. Miss Thomas is deaf, and in all the excitement when the rescuers were seeking an entrance to the house to ascend to

in her night clothing, she stood on this dizzy footing and cried at the top of her voice. Persons living in nearby houses looked out of their windows and saw the young woman apparently preparing to leap. The next instant she was sitting or clinging loosely on the edge, walling pitiously.

Meanwhile the crowd below in the street were almost in a frenzy. Several physicians came and passed the word to hush or the girl would surely fall. The crowd hardly dared breathe.

Sergeant Ness took the responsibility of breaking down the door. With others he got to the porch roof, only to find



SHE STOOD ON THIS DIZZY FOOTING.

the roof she gave no heed, and the door had to be battered in.

The girl sat or clung on the roof of the building for an hour, her feet dangling toward the sidewalk, and slept on, while the crowd below was at a loss to know how to reach her until the expedient of housebreaking was adopted.

Miss Pettit smashed every pane of glass in the window of her room, which is on the second floor, climbed out on a frail water pipe and worked her way along the side of the building until she reached the roof of the porch. From there she climbed the water pipe to the roof, which rises almost perpendicularly above the ledge.

Creeping along the gable, she got to a small brick projection which jutted out of the rear of the house. Dressed only

he couldn't reach the girl from there, as they had planned, without climbing the waterspout, as she had done.

While they were standing there, balking for the moment and wondering what to do next, Miss Thomas put her head out of the window and called up commandingly to the girl, "Wake up and come off that roof!"

The expected did not happen. Miss Pettit awoke, with a shudder, and fell backward instead of forward.

"Where am I and how did I get here?" she inquired.

Sergeant Ness climbed out on a shutter which Policeman Clark held from the window. Miss Pettit was told to slide down the roof to the bluecoat's arms. Ness grabbed her as she came, and she was carried to a place of safety.

Hat Cause of Tragedy.

Hurrying to See Neighbor's Headgear, New York Woman Stumbles, Fractures Her Skull and Dies as a Result.

To her absorbed interest in a new hat Mrs. Mary Swayze, wife of Samuel W. Swayze, a retired real estate broker of 212 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York, owed her death. She tripped and fell in the yard of her home, and her skull was fractured against a stone. A physician said it was remarkable that her death should be caused by such a fall, and at first it was thought she had been stricken with heart disease. A close examination, however, revealed the fracture.

Mrs. Swayze was hurrying for a closer look at a new hat that Miss Lolita Herron of 211 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street had trimmed. The yards of the Swayze and Herron houses adjoin each other. Miss Herron was at a rear window. She saw Mrs. Swayze and held up the hat in a spirit of satisfaction.

"Look at my new hat, Mrs. Swayze," she said. "I have just finished it."

The triumph of amateur millinery

art was held up to view. Mrs. Swayze was moved to admiration.

"How did you do it, Miss Herron?" she exclaimed. "That's just fine, and I must have a closer look at it!"

Mrs. Swayze started forward, and Miss Herron held the hat out so that her neighbor might take it in her hands. When Mrs. Swayze was within a few feet of the window she stumbled and fell on her face.

"Oh, Mrs. Swayze, I hope you're not hurt!" exclaimed Miss Herron, but there was no answer. "Mrs. Swayze, Mrs. Swayze!" called the other woman. When her friend remained silent and motionless Miss Herron screamed. It was thought by those who gathered around that the prostrate woman merely had fainted. Water was dashed in her face, her hands were rubbed and other means tried to restore her to consciousness.

When there was no response to the treatment Dr. Schauth was summoned. A quick examination by him revealed the startling truth.

Girl Marries a Ghost.

She and Her Spectral Husband Are Living Together in a Five Room Cottage in Oklahoma.

Beale Brown of Cameron, Okla., is married to a ghost. Furthermore, she and her spectral husband are living together in a five room cottage. The wedding took place recently, and the bride and groom moved at once into their new house, which Miss Brown had furnished with her own money. They are as happy as any young married couple could be, and persons who pass the house can hear them talking and laughing just as if they were both in human form.

This is the strangest romance ever known. Beale Brown, of wealthy par-

ents, high social standing and possessed of many natural charms that make her one of the most beautiful girls in Oklahoma, married the ghost of the man she loved. She is not demoted. Her mind has been tested, her brain has been examined by specialists, and her actions have been watched carefully, but no trace of insanity can be discovered. Therefore her parents agree that she must be wedded to an apparition, something which she imagines she can see and know, but which no other human being can recognize.

Angry Cook Tortures Boy.

Chef in Seattle (Wash.) Cafe Holds Youthful Dishwasher's Arm on Surface of Hot Stove.

That Andy Johnson, a cook in the Boulevard restaurant in Seattle, Wash., held C. Varda, a youthful dishwasher, in a viselike grip and forced Varda's arm down on the redhot surface of the restaurant range till the flesh sizzled and cooked was the tale told by Varda when he swore to a complaint against Johnson. The torture inflicted on Varda was the result of a disagreement between the two regarding the way in which the clean dishes should be stacked. The dishwasher claims that he was at work when Johnson called his attention to a trifling matter about the arrangement of the dishes after they were dry. The cook said they should be piled up one way and Varda, jealous of his humble profes-

sion, insisted that they should be stacked another.

The argument grew warm, and in the heat of it Varda says Johnson seized him about the neck, holding his head fast under his arm. With the other free hand he seized the wrist of the struggling youth and dragged him over to the redhot stove. Varda's arms were bare, and Johnson forced one of them down on the red surface of the metal. The agonizing shrieks of the dishwasher brought others in the kitchen to his aid, but not before one arm had been burned from the wrist to the elbow. He was torn from Johnson's grasp and taken to have his arm dressed. Johnson has not yet been caught.

Dream Vision Frees Convict.

Romantic Circumstances Surrounding the Release of Texas Man From Prison Where He Was Incarcerated Eleven Years Ago on the Charge of Murdering a Woman.

Pardoned from a penitentiary life sentence because of a dream—such is the romantic circumstance surrounding the release of George W. Jones from the Texas state prison at Huntsville, where he was incarcerated eleven years ago on the charge of murdering a woman.

In many respects Jones was a remarkable convict. The murder for which he was imprisoned was committed in Williamson county. A woman whose name had been handled more or less by local gossips was found dead. Certain circumstances seemingly pointed to Jones as the murderer. He was tried and convicted. His wife showed her devotion by removing from her home to Huntsville, the penitentiary town, so that she might visit him frequently. He furnished money for her support.

Jones maintained his innocence of the crime, setting forth that he was at all times devoted to his wife and had nev-

worked all these years for her support.

The divorce was granted, and the wife soon married again—married a man whom she met in Huntsville, where she was living to be near her convict husband.

Jones' wounded arm healed after a painful siege, but he always mourned for his wife and often in the night the guards on their rounds would hear him sobbing her name.

And now for the strange part of the story.

J. H. Waldrip, who lives at Chester, Tex., and who ten years ago read newspaper accounts of how Jones had chopped his hand off, dreamed a few weeks ago of the affair. He also saw in his dream the murder of the woman—saw the tragedy enacted, he declares, as plainly as though he had been an actual eyewitness. Waldrip was not acquainted with Jones, had never even seen him, but he was familiar with his



HE SEVERED HIS HAND AT THE WRIST.

er associated with other women. For a year Mrs. Jones was a frequent caller at the prison. It was the one bright spot in Jones' prison life, these visits from his wife.

But there came a time when the visits were not so frequent. Jones pined, but his wife explained that she feared to gain the displeasure of the prison officials. She felt that they were annoyed by her calls.

One day after the visits had slackened there came a civil officer to the prison with a divorce summons for Jones.

"Here is a paper for you," said the officer.

Jones' heart fluttered. Probably that faithful wife of his had secured him a pardon.

He glanced at it hurriedly. He realized its meaning.

Catching up the hatchet with which he had been working, he severed his right hand at the wrist, and with his left he handed the amputated member to the deputy sheriff, saying:

"Take this back to my wife and tell her it is my answer to her divorce petition—my good right hand, a hand that has never committed a crime, but has

description from hearsay, and the man who saw in his dream—the man who killed the woman—was of entirely different appearance.

Waldrip was so impressed with his dream that he felt called upon to study the case. He neglected his own business and delved into the records. He interviewed the prosecuting attorney in the case. He sought the trial judge, long since retired, and begged him for assistance in freeing Jones.

"The man is not guilty. I know it. I saw another man commit that murder, saw him in my dream," Waldrip declared with earnestness.

At first Waldrip's dream was looked upon as a joke. His friends feared for his sanity. But he kept persistently at his task and at last attracted more or less of a following. Little by little the tangled skein was unwound, and now through the dream of Waldrip, a total stranger, the governor of Texas and the pardon board have set free Convict Jones.

Bereft of the wife for whose love he sacrificed his right hand, Jones has sought seclusion on a ranch near San Antonio, where he says he shall remain.

"Cannot Do Without Him."

So Says Emma Schultz, Bride of Fourteen, Who Married Jacob Klink, Sixty-two Years Old, a Civil War Veteran.

The marriage of Jacob Klink, sixty-two years old, a civil war veteran, and Emma Schultz, fourteen years old, which took place in Wilmington, Del., has created a sensation.

The bridegroom has willed all of his property, amounting to \$25,000, to his bride. In replying to questions why she married Klink she said, "I cannot do without him, and, whether my parents would have allowed me to get married or not, we would have run away, perhaps not now, but when I

would have been older than I am now. "One thing I have to say to the young girls of Reading," she said, "that is, if they can get as good a man as I have just married they should take him and not fool with these young fellows, who care more for dress than work."

This is Klink's third marriage. His second wife was thirteen years old when he married her, and he obtained a divorce from her on the ground of cruelty.

Wanted a Joyous Funeral.

Louisville Millionaire Had Made Provision For Good Things to Eat, Wine and Music, Also a Concert, Which Was Given While the Body Was Being Cremated.

Most peculiar of all wills is that of William F. Norton, millionaire, of Louisville, which has been filed in Kansas City.

It was necessary to file the will in Kansas City in order that the executors might properly administer that part of the estate there.

Norton owned the Auditorium theater in Louisville, besides many other pieces of valuable real estate. Because the city authorities of Louisville did not agree with him in his ideas of a wide open town he became dissatisfied with the city where he lived so many years and where he amassed a fortune.

slake their thirst in any way possible. "As it takes about two hours to cremate a body, and while my body is undergoing the process of cremation, I wish my executors to engage, at the cost of \$200, the Bellstedt Concert band of forty musicians, the best in Cincinnati, to render a fine concert programme, composed of my favorite musical selections, a copy of said programme to be found in the same envelope which contains this, my will.

"It will be noticed in the concert programme that there are two intermissions of fifteen minutes each, and during said intermissions I wish my



"DRINKING MY BON VOYAGE IN CHAMPAGNE."

This dissatisfaction and his peculiar ideas are exemplified in the words of part of his will, which follows:

"In case I should die in Louisville, in which dead town I have been buried alive for so many years, I wish a special Pullman car to be engaged to carry my body to Cincinnati for cremation at the crematory in that city, taking along the receptacle for my ashes which will be found in my private office. I wish the buffet of the Pullman which will carry my body to Cincinnati to be well stocked with nice things both to eat and drink, so that my friends who will do me the honor to see me well started on my last and long journey to that bourne from which no traveler returns may not want for anything to ease their hunger or to

friends who will be witnesses to invite the musicians to join with them in drinking my bon voyage in champagne, several cases of which will be sent to the crematory from the buffet car. My ashes are to be placed in the bronze urn on top of the family monument in the cemetery. It is my desire that there be no religious services of any kind."

At the beginning of the will are stanzas of poetry from Prior, Byron and Shakespeare. It is all in the same strain as this, which was quoted from Prior:

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn. And so alone is blest who never was born. The executors of the estate have carried out their instructions to the letter.

Woman's Fear of Fresh Air.

Believes Exposure to It Would Kill Her and on That Account Travels in Air Tight Case to Warmer Climate.

Inclosed in a nearly air tight wooden case, which has a glass front, Mrs. William Tryon arrived at Salisbury, N. C., in a baggage car from her home, Fitchburg, Mass. Mrs. Tryon, middle aged and wealthy, has suffered long from nervous troubles and bronchitis. She believes exposure to the air aggravate her ill and has gone south to a warmer climate.

Mrs. Tryon's husband and a nurse went with her. She arrived wrapped in blankets and comforters. The perspiration was streaming from her, but she stood the trip well and seemed quite cheerful.

Her traveling case, which was built after her designs, somewhat resembles a roomy burial casket. It is comfortably upholstered and contains a clock to mark time's flight and books to beguile the time. The case containing Mrs. Tryon, of course, was carried by several husky porters from the baggage car and placed in the center of

the station's waiting room, "right side up, with care," a porter said. Naturally Mrs. Tryon attracted much attention, but only wondering remarks were cast at her little glass house.

Still in her truly private compartment, Mrs. Tryon was put on a wagon, which hauled her around the city while her husband, who is president of the German Plaster company, sought accommodations at many boarding houses. The landladies seemed to think that Mrs. Tryon's presence would not add to the gaiety of the other boarders and several refused to admit her.

Mrs. Tryon will rent a cottage and engage a housekeeper most probably. Just as little air will be admitted to her bedroom as to her traveling case. She has lived a year in a room to which she has refused to admit any fresh air for fear she would die. She has complained of the cold even when she was covered with blankets and the open temperature was 80 degrees.

Tiger Conquered by Woman.

Mrs. Gerson Jams a Pitchfork in Beast's Eye and Breast to Save Her Husband's Life.

Herman Gerson, head animal keeper in the East Lake park zoo in Los Angeles, Cal., was seized by both arms by a big male tiger while washing its cage. The tiger stripped both arms of flesh from the elbows down and almost pulled his arms from the sockets. His wife came to the rescue and by jabbing the beast in the eyes and breast with a pitchfork forced it to release its hold.

As the tiger's jaws closed on Gerson's arm the keeper, who was holding a small hose, turned the nozzle in the animal's face. The tiger placed a huge paw on Gerson's other arm, and

the keeper began to call to his wife, who was in their home near by. The roar of the tiger had created a pandemonium among the animals, and as Mrs. Gerson sank a pitchfork into the tiger again and again the snarl and yells from the cage redoubled.

The fight between the woman and the man eater lasted several minutes, ending only when Mrs. Gerson directed the tines of the fork against the animal's eye. With his arms released, Gerson sank to the ground and was later removed to the hospital. Mayor Harper ordered the bars of the tiger's cage strengthened.

How She Landed Him.



Edith—Papa told me to tell you you mustn't come here anymore. He says you're a dangerous man.

Edward—Dangerous man! What does he mean?

Edith—He says you're the sort of a fellow who will hang around a girl for years and never marry her.

Most Execution.



"What does he do his best work in, oils or water color?"

"He does his worst work in oils."

Cruel.



The Landlady (after dinner)—Mr. Hall Roomer ate three pieces of roast beef. He must have liked it. Star Boarder—Maybe he ate it on a wager.

A Noiseless Kiss Wanted.



Geraldine—You mustn't make any noise when you kiss me.

Gerald—Afraid we'll frighten the microbes?

Proof.



The Victim—The burglar lighted matches all over the house, but he didn't disturb me a bit, and I'm a very light sleeper.

The Detective—Evidently you are a married man.